

THE MISSIONARY
HERALD
AT HOME AND ABROAD

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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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CONTENTS

COVER: See next page

ARTICLES

- Resurrection Morning. An Editorial I
The Mid-Winter Meeting. By Fletcher C. Lester 2
A Deacon's Wife to a Missionary 3
From a Certain Home Missionary 5
Home Missions and Human Need 6
Better Than the Founders Dreamed 8
The Promise of the Resurrection. By Prof. Walter R. Bowie 9
They Were Not Forgotten 13
Help for Stricken Turkey 14
Waiting for the Strawberries. A Boys and Girls Story 16
Foreign Flashes 20

- In Place of Rubbish—Beauty 22
The Debt of Honor Campaign Continues 23
Understanding the Far East 24
New Missionaries Needed in the Far East 24
In the Land of Flowers. By Ernest M. Halliday 26
Indian Incidents. By Rev. and Mrs. Douglas Horton 30
Transforming Power. By Prof. Ralph Lee Woodward 36
Seeking God in a Garden. By Lucille Day 38

CAMERA NEWS

- By Dorothy P. Cushing 41

CHRONICLE 45

IN MEMORIAM 48

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Resurrection Morning

YOU are familiar with our cover picture. It was taken at a recent sunrise Easter service on Punchbowl Mount outside of the city of Honolulu. The day is breaking and in its light a great cross stands revealed.

So it is everywhere at Easter-tide. Most of us would never see the Cross or feel its power if Christ had never risen. His death would be linked with that of a Socrates or a Lincoln. He would have been one of history's greatest and noblest—no more, no less. But in the light of the resurrection his Cross has a unique place in the redemption of human character and life.

The resurrection helps us see the dark side of the Cross: the terrible sin that caused the crucifixion; the extent to which religious leaders will go in defense of their position and prerogatives; the weak compliance of politicians to the insistent clamor of mobs made mad by scheming demagogues; the kiss that betrays one's noblest friend; the cringing disloyalty that leads us to disown

our Lord and to crucify Him afresh by our denial of allegiance.

It is the illuminated face of the Cross that gives us our greatest lift. Here we receive our Christian idealism and motivation in life. For here we see God: God's love, God's grace, God's life. In the death of Christ, God himself is suffering, forgiving, saving.

And power! Here we realize that Christ is the freest soul that ever lived and that every one of us can be free from the sin that binds and blinds and defeats; that no man has to live in the darkness of discouragement and despair, worry and anxiety; that he *can* win out if he will in all walks of life; that the world in which he lives *can* be run by men and women of character and love; that justice and joy *can* permeate all society; that in short His Kingdom *can* come on earth and, in fact, *is* coming.

What a gospel for all mankind! And what missionary motivation in the joy of forgiven sin and the experience of victorious living in the power of a risen Savior!

The Mid-Winter Meeting

By Fletcher C. Lester*

MEMBERS of all our denominational boards meet annually at Chicago and Evanston, Illinois, about the last of January. This year the boards met in succession so that all members of the other boards could listen in and discuss the work that is being done by our church.

It was my good fortune to be among those present for a meeting of Home Missionary superintendents and officers of the Home Boards in Chicago for two days, for the three-day session of State Superintendents, and for all the meetings of the Home Boards, the Council for Social Action, the Prudential Committee of the Foreign Mission Board, and for the Missions Council, which is the combination of all of the boards.

For nine days we went to school to each other and tried to discover what needs to be done in this world of ours, and how the church can best do its work. From early morning until late at night, we sought to find the way of successful service.

Perhaps the first impression was that our leaders are very fine human beings. A Southerner who is new to the work is inclined to believe that there are intel-

tual and spiritual giants now leading our churches. Always they are courteous, sympathetic, anxious to find the right way, and deeply devotional. Sometimes they do not agree in their thinking, and say so frankly, but when the time for prayer arrives, differences disappear and the group becomes in a very real sense "the body of Christ."

A second impression is that our church is grappling with the problems of the world in which we live. Our leaders begin with the Gospel of Jesus, with its transformation of personality, but they go on to the transformation of all people and of all those things that affect persons. Because people need health, they talk of doctors, nurses, clinics and hospitals. Because people need education, the leaders consider schools, colleges, universities, summer conferences, vacation Bible schools, aids for ministers and Sunday School teachers, and literature for all ages of people. Because people need clothes, homes, culture, health, and all the things that make personal development possible, our leaders consider the economic relations of the world that prevent some from having these needed blessings. Because liberty and life are God's best gifts, our leaders

*From his editorial in the February 8 issue of *The Christian Sun*.

pray and plan for a world society that will guarantee freedom to all people and will make war impossible.

A third impression is that our church people are not feeling the thrill of new life that is in the world today. Some ministers and some churches, to be sure, are being electrified by the power of God, and are moving forward in a fine way. They are accepting the challenge of war, economic difficulties and personal sins, and are replacing hate with love, war with coöperation, economic selfishness with economic justice, and are driving personal sins out by the free grace that comes from God

through Jesus. But many ministers and churches are not yet awake to what is happening about them. They are content to continue in the same way that grandpa did, and expect to receive the same kind of religious experience that came to the forefathers who were blazing new trails. But they are disappointed. God does not waste his power or grace on those who are doing nothing to need it.

Yet, gradually our people are beginning to realize that something is stirring, that new life is breaking forth in the church, like the buds on the trees. The army of God moves forward.

A Deacon's Wife to a Missionary

"I DID enjoy your letter and intended writing long before this, but I am a very busy person, and just didn't get around to it. Wouldn't I just love to visit you in your little bungalow in India, but all I can do is imagine—and I am pretty good at that.

"I am one of the deacon's wives in the Maple Street Church, Danvers, Massachusetts. I do quite a bit of missionary work at my home three and a half miles out of Danvers. Besides working with the Woman's Society at the church twice each month, this last year I have sent off 16 cartons of clothing, 500

Christmas gifts to the mountain whites in the isolated Kentucky Mountains, and 6 boxes to parsonages where there was need.

"Also, I fixed 2,500 cards, and besides that I have the Home Department at the church and make calls on shut-ins and sick or old people, so you see I keep pretty busy.

"I feel sure the service is appreciated—I receive such lovely letters. I am writing to a number in Africa, India, China, and Japan. I like to feel friendly, and my cards and occasional letter seem to be the only way. It really seems as though I

knew many of the families I have helped. How I would love to visit them all!

"We live in the country and Mr. Wilson is a poultry man and fruit and vegetable farmer. Plenty of hard work, but not much money. However, there are many much worse off than we are. Friends are very good to help me in my work for others by giving me things to make over.

"By working all through the year making puzzles, rag dolls, dogs, bunnies and lots of other things I can do quite a lot at Christmas time and *do I enjoy doing it!*"

Miss Lucille Day of Sholapur, India, to whom this letter was sent, is now home on furlough. She made a point of visiting Mrs. Wilson quite unexpectedly. She found her cheery, and fresh in her neat cotton dress, but a sufferer from arthritis.

Says Miss Day: "She goes to the stores herself to collect old or slightly damaged goods. Much is just as good as things that one would buy. She showed me boxes she was even then that day packing for home missions

with baby sweaters, warm socks, handkerchiefs, writing paper, ribbons, packets of Christmas cards.

"People know that when they want to pass something good on they can give it to Mrs. Wilson, confident that she will see that it reaches the right person. They also give her money to help send the boxes. She said to me, 'I have two more boxes all packed ready to send to some of our southern schools, but I'm praying the money in now to send them.'

"She spends many hours sewing up dresses, making over clothes, reconditioning cards. She sends a good many packages every year, and with her love and letters and also material gifts, she is bringing light and joy into the homes of many of us who are trying to help in building this Kingdom of Love.

"I just wish more of our American church members could know her! . . . A good many of our people are working in groups doing this. Some are out on lonely farms, or bed-ridden—or at least house-ridden—and can't take part in church programs. It is a joy to see them doing it then on their own."

In a world in which every international structure and society has been rifted or shattered, it is beginning to be realized that one world fellowship has been able to maintain its reality unbroken; that indeed has actually strengthened its cohesion and structure:—the world-wide Christian Church.

Prof. Henry P. Van Dusen of Union

From a Certain Home Missionary

HERE is our request for Lenten devotional literature. We appreciate very much the assistance which the Extension Division has given us in the past to get this excellent material to our people. Our churches are having such a struggle economically that it would be difficult to get them to face the cost of this devotional literature themselves. They would feel that in the struggle for mere existence this expense could be avoided. But we cannot cut corners in the devotional life without ultimate damage. Unless there is a "life" within the church there is no reason for keeping the building repaired and insured.

We thank you for this very material aid in developing the life of these three organized churches and one additional preaching point which constitute this parish. We shall mail these booklets to each home with a mimeographed letter encouraging their use and the deepening of the devotional experience of the family. There are, of course, many more homes with children and young people than the numbers (20,20) indicate. But we shall try to use these more expensive pamphlets where they will do the most good.

I wish to express appreciation for the Christmas check from the Church Extension Division. You may be sure that a family with four growing children is able to put to good use any such funds that come to it. Worn out winter clothes have had to be replaced and your check came at just the right time to help out with this extra expense.

A missionary box which arrived at about the same time was a great help in the line of clothing and your check helped with the odd items which were necessary beside those which were contained in the box. We are happy that the children are active but their activities bring wear and tear.

The help continued with the "auto upkeep" check every other month is a very definite aid in making ends meet with this expensive necessity. By taking needed physical exercise in the form of patching tires and cleaning the car, etc., etc., to avoid garage expense as much as possible, we succeed in keeping our costs down to about 3 cents a mile, over these country roads which at best always have something wrong with them. Even at that figure it costs from \$2.00 to \$3.00 each time we go to one of our country churches. These three points are 32 miles, 40 miles and 52 miles away.

But it is a great work. Again we wish to say how much we appreciate your coöperation.

Home Missions and Human Need

THE Home Missions Council and the Council of Women for Home Missions, representing some thirty denominations and about fifty national mission boards and societies of North America, held their Annual Meeting in Indianapolis the week-end of January 11-16.

They are the arm of the church called upon to meet the social and religious needs of a vast population on the North American continent. They are particularly concerned to render a religious ministry to minority groups such as Indians, Negroes, and people speaking foreign languages; to all the disadvantaged and the underprivileged in America. They seek to join the forces of denominational home mission boards in a united fellowship and ministry. This is a special message issued by them to the churches of our land:—

"Whoever, in the final analysis, is able to capture the allegiance of the underprivileged peoples on this continent will determine the ideology, the social and religious life of the nation.

"We are living in bewildering days. The present situation at home and abroad demands a prayerful, united and unprecedented emphasis on religion and

a new Christian advance. Mankind is perplexed and fearful. Men and women are burdened with evils and oppression almost insupportable and with problems apparently insoluble. Poverty abounds in the midst of plenty. Racial suspicion and hatred are rife. Everywhere people are conscious of uncertainty and chaos. Youth is at a loss to know what to do next and is concerned as to the future. No wonder the mood of disillusionment and even despair is widespread. No wonder that vast multitudes of people are ready to respond to the appeals of new cults and movements that are foreign to the religious history of this country and to the American way of life. These agencies are claiming the allegiance of the human spirit, an allegiance which should belong only to God.

"Confronting such a challenge, the national mission boards are preparing to make a new advance to meet the obstacles that ever arise in human crisis. They seek to recapture the fearless aggressiveness of the Christian church, and rekindle the fire of the pioneer spirit of religion, to meet the needs of the new masses of dispossessed and disinherited people. Home missions is Christianity in action. It is in particular an

attempt to make Christianity available to the needy sections of the country.

"Three alternatives confront society today: the collapse of civilization; the acceptance of a new pagan faith like Fascism or Communism; or the revival of Christianity on a scale of new values and at an intensity quite beyond anything that our day is visualizing.

"To this end these home mission agencies in annual session at Indianapolis were concerned to relight the fires of religious passion and discover more dynamic ways and means of rendering service to America's needy multitudes. They sought first to discover anew the transforming grace of God for their own lives and then to relate their noblest inspiration to the social hurts and the social needs of our generation.

"The increasing problem of transient peoples was given a thorough hearing. For nearly twenty years the social and religious needs of migrant people have been the responsibility of these national Councils. Long before the federal and state governments were concerned about these people the Council of Women for Home Missions had established ministries to migrant folk. Reports were made that revealed an increasing interest and a growing response to the program now conducted. During the year the leadership was

increased, and there was every reason to anticipate a further increase during the coming year.

"The Councils were particularly desirous to extend the work among Indians, at the Government Homesteads, and to establish work among the share-croppers.

"Among the visiting speakers, the following persons of national reputation made a great impression upon the conference: Howard Kester of the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen, who spoke on the share-cropper; Dr. Alva W. Taylor, manager of the Cumberland Homesteads, who presented the cause of the homesteads; and Dr. Conrad Hoffmann, Jr., who stirred his audience with his thrilling messages on the refugee. Bishop Francis J. McConnell gave the address at the Sunday evening Mass Meeting. Speaking upon the theme 'Home Missions and World Mindedness' he revealed the significance of home missions to the success of foreign missions, and stressed the importance of a Christian attitude to the depressed peoples of America as the best possible answer to the problem of getting Christianity accepted in foreign lands.

"The Councils in joint session passed a resolution to hold the next Annual Meeting in coöperation with the Foreign Missions Conference and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America."

“Better Than the Founders Dreamed”

THE American Missionary Association Division Committee held in New York on January 12-13 a seminar concerning policies and methods to be followed in its schools and colleges during the years to come in the light of the many changes and developments which have come in the South during the past thirty years.

There were present an interesting group of representative persons connected with the General Education Board, the Julius Rosenwald Fund, the Phelps-Stokes Fund, southern state departments of education, and individuals representing religious and educational interests far and wide.

At the afternoon session Dr. Charles S. Johnson, Professor of Social Sciences at Fisk University and Chairman of the A.M.A. Division Committee, presented the problems which now concern us based on direct studies which he has been making not only of the A.M.A. work, but also the various educational, agricultural, economic, social, and religious changes throughout the south. The evening session was given over entirely to open discussion.

The following morning Dr. W. W. Alexander, Administrator

of the Farm Security Administration, met with the committee and called their attention to a number of ways whereby his department and the A.M.A. Division of the Home Board of Missions could coöperate effectively in relating our school work to community developments, particularly in the rural areas. All of these things will be taken under serious consideration by the committee in planning the work of each institution in the days that lie ahead.

The consensus of opinion throughout the conference was that not only has the A.M.A. done a most significant piece of work in the years that are past, but that also we have arrived at a time when the door of opportunity is open to us in ways that the founders of the A.M.A. never dreamed of.

Provided we have the will and the means to enter, an important work lies ahead of us.

Originally we worked as lonely individuals among a people who doubted the worth of what we were doing, if indeed they did not think it was entirely foolishness. Today we are no longer aliens in a foreign land but have extended to us the open hand of friendship and hearty coöperation.

The Promise of the Resurrection

By Walter Russell Bowie
Professor in
Union Theological Seminary

*Grace Church on Broadway where
W. Russell Bowie preached for 16 years*



THE crucifixion was not the end. In the real history of this earth, in the living experience of living men, and in forces set in motion which are redemptive over all the earth, the crucifixion, which through the first hours afterward seemed to be the end, was followed by the resurrection.

The resurrection was and remains the crucial force of history. And only by proclaiming it so can the Christian gospel be triumphant.

Faith in the resurrection is confidence that, whether in his physical body or not, the same Jesus whom the disciples had

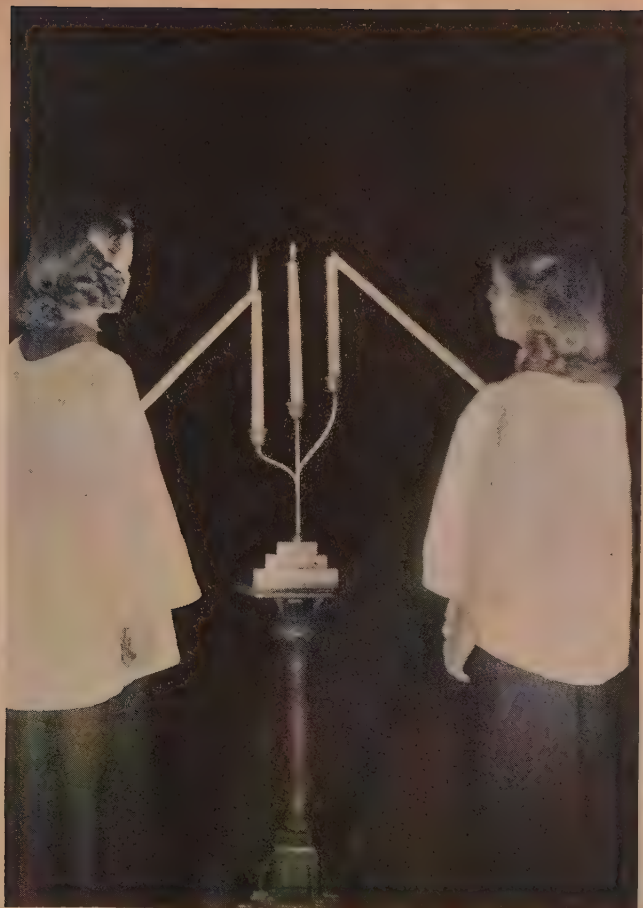
loved and followed, and in whose life and love they had found their assurance of the reality of God, did come again as a kindling and transforming power to their lives and does continue in this world of history as the one spiritual force which can save us.

It is true that we have never believed in him very much. We have made him the center of an aesthetic devotion. We have thought of him as the gentle and beautiful exponent of spiritual ideals which, of course, we could not venture upon too seriously. But I ask whether the world does not need from us today a more daring, and therefore, a more authoritative gospel, a gospel which proclaims both the cross and the risen Christ?

As Canon Ravon has pointed out, war faces us with our most acute and inescapable decision as to what we believe the Christian gospel means. I must record my conviction, with others, that the Christian gospel can only be most significant, and that after the horror into which these years may deepen the world may only find the nucleus of its salvation, in those who against every pressure, not only from without but from their own instincts, resist the drive toward war; and, in the face of every contradiction, keep faith with their belief that the follower of Jesus simply cannot take part in the bestiality of modern war. I believe that only through those who will thus pay

the price of war-resistance can the power of Jesus most surely operate tomorrow, if not today. God forbid that any of us should minimize the difficulties, logical and spiritual, in such a conviction. God forbid, too, that there should be any self-righteousness in it, or any shadow of condemnation for Christians who take a different attitude. But there are times when the future must be saved by those who are willing to be a remnant, and by those who take the position which to the majority may seem not only irrational but hateful, because they are constrained to say: "Here I stand. God help me, I can do no other."

Yet let no one think that merely refusing to take part in war is of itself anything that can be prevailing. Although I try to be faithful to the fellowship of those who are pacifists, with every fibre in me I dislike the name—not for what it really means, but for the failure of the word to express the noble meaning. Spiritually, pacifists ought to be militant. All those who as Christians feel compelled to stand against war are spiritually not pacific but militant: that is to say, not merely at the moment of the war's outbreak but always their business is to fight with all their hearts and souls against evil existing in the world, which evil at its worst is greed and hate and violence. The real pacifist is



never a man who will not fight. He will have been trying long before the hour of any crisis to champion in the world every positive force for imaginative and unselfish international adjustment, every effort to build peace by creating the will to sacrifice even those seemingly profitable

injustices which have in them the seeds of war. But he has recognized the futility of fighting for justice or even for democracy with the devil's weapons. How indeed can Satan cast out Satan? The history of these last twenty years is a bitter commentary on that delusion.

And who at last will save us? More armies, more wars, more nations at war? More trust in the same pitiful propaganda which turned to ashes twenty years ago? No, and not trust either in the kind of god which we always create for ourselves in time of war, the god who at the worst represents our nationalistic ferocities, and who at the best is compounded of what we call the ideal of justice and punishment mixed with this world's methods of violence and hate. The God whom we as Christians must somehow truly see and hold to is the God who is revealed in Jesus Christ. What does it mean to say that Jesus is "Very God of very God; of one substance with the Father" unless it means that in the spirit of Jesus and in the way of Jesus, and in these alone, there resides an ineffable power which might enter into history to accomplish what all our compromising adjustments and so-called practical choices and splendid but pathetic goings-to-war can never achieve? We are dealing here with values and with forces which must be reckoned in their eternal perspective. The life of mankind is very long. Empires and nations have risen and fallen in the course of it, and will rise and fall again, and their fate is not the ultimate word in the destiny of humankind. When Christians whose conscience compels them to have nothing to do with war are placed in the bitter

position of seeming to desert the immediate objectives of their country, may they not in that very moment be loyal to something higher and more commanding, to "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"? And when men refuse to take up any weapons except those of which Paul spoke, the "shield of faith" and "the sword of Spirit, which is the word of God," they can become more powerful than those who carry the rifle and the bayonet. I believe we need the proclamation of a bolder faith. I do not know how or when, but I believe the world can only be called away from the horrible insanity and futility of war by the witness of Christians who in these next years will deliberately accept the cross of the hate and persecution that may inevitably be visited upon them because they believe that somehow, if they are faithful, Christ will make their witness count. Only through this renewed witness of the cross may come the resurrection.

Here is a gospel which to the world, especially to the world in time of passion, will seem fantastic. But I would have you ask whether any gospel less tremendous in its daring can conquer the false or partial gospels now tearing the world asunder, and constitute a message which, come weal or woe, can be preached with the invincible authority of God.



They Were Not Forgotten

BECAUSE 7,320 people remembered, 807 aged and disabled ministers, widows and orphans received special Christmas checks from the Division of Ministerial Relief of the Board of Home Missions. In addition to providing Christmas cheer, these checks were used to pay taxes, to buy coal, to purchase new glasses and for a thousand other useful purposes. Enough was retained in the treasury so that throughout the year emergency checks can be

sent to the ministers of the smaller churches when they are overwhelmed with unexpected disasters—sickness, operations, accidents, fires.

The total amount of the Christmas Fund for 1939 was \$74,511-.96. Only three times in the history of the Fund has the total been larger—in the prosperous years of 1929 and 1930 and in 1936 when the Christmas Fund appeal was combined with one for drouth relief.



Hagia Sophia from the Blue Mosque

Help for Stricken Turkey

ON January 2, J. Kingsley Birge, Luther R. Fowle and Miss Clary of the Istanbul Y.W.C.A. cabled the American Board:

"Earthquakes justify appealing special funds. Received from American Red Cross \$10,000. Need help in money, stores and clothing. We recommend your urging American Red Cross \$5000. Expense involved is for expedition earthquake districts, leader, Dr. Lorrin A. Shepard. Communicate this to Y.W.C.A., National Board, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City, National Council, Y.M.C.A., Foreign Committee, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City. Members of our mission all well. Inform families, Talas, Turkey."

At the same time the American Embassy in Istanbul reported to the State Department that the loss of life was conservatively estimated to be about 30,000. "Deep snows and sub-zero temperatures accentuate suffering. Foreign help is urgently needed and officially welcomed."

On January 10, Rockwell Harmon Potter and Fred Field Goodsell cabled President Ismet Inonu of Turkey:

"American Board expresses deepest sympathy with Turkish people in Earthquake suffering. Heartily endorses Shepard medical unit."

Dr. Lorrin A. Shepard was born in Turkey. He is the son of the famous "Shepard of Aintab" who gave his life ministering

to the physical and material needs of the Turkish people. For the past nine years he has been head of the American Hospital in Istanbul.

A later letter reports that Dr. Shepard's relief unit went first to Ankara, the capital of Turkey, where it was placed in charge of the surgical work of a mobile hospital of 100 beds which had been assigned to Erbaa, which is 50 miles northeast of Anasya and in the stricken region. Dr. Shepard was accompanied by Miss Dora Shank, head nurse of the American Hospital in Istanbul, Mrs. Helen Haight Orhan, formerly a missionary nurse but now the wife of a Turkish citizen, a Turkish doctor and two Turkish orderlies. Their help has been eagerly accepted by the Turkish government and the Red Crescent, which is the

Turkish equivalent for our Red Cross.

The nearest station of the American Board to the disaster area is Talas. There our hospital building and the building of the former girls' school have been turned into emergency quarters for earthquake sufferers. Dr. Charles E. Clark of Gaziantep has been invited to help with relief work if he feels that he can leave his hospital. Our present staff in Talas consists of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nilson, Miss Adelaide Dwight, Miss Sylvia T. Eddy, R.N., and J. Raymond Pearson. Dr. and Mrs. William L. Nute of Talas are in this country on furlough.

At present the American Board is the only missionary organization conducting educational and medical work in Turkey. Its staff of American workers numbers 55.

On the streets of Talas





Strawberry pickers' camp at Bald Knob, Arkansas

Waiting for the Strawberries

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

TO most of us strawberries suggest a delicious foretaste of spring, but in Arkansas they mean a chance to work. Most of the planting and cultivating is done by machinery but when it comes to the picking no substitute has been discovered for the human hand. And strawberries do not keep. When they are ripe they must be picked. That means much work for many fingers for a few days.

It was the 19th of April when we visited the strawberry center of Arkansas. The season was late; the plants were in blossom and it would be two weeks before

the berries would be ready for picking. Yet fifty miles up the road I picked up a hitch-hiking man and wife who were bound for Bald Knob "to pick the berries." My knowledge of local geography was too hazy to figure out where they were from; what they were going to live on until the berries ripened remained a mystery. Flooded roads prevented their going beyond the strawberry country.

At the junction of two main highways just outside of Bald Knob we found an extensive camp of waiting strawberry pick-

ers. One seemingly prosperous family was living in a trailer; perhaps ten others had pitched their tents among the trees. Water was brought in in buckets. No sanitary conveniences were visible.

It was a friendly place. Dogs, babies, and children abounded on every side. The enthusiasm of youth created an air of good

cheer. Instead of resenting our visit, two thrifty souls proceeded to sell us souvenirs—an ingenious rocking chair made out of turkey feathers for fifteen cents, and a fearful and wonderful inkwell and pen tray for thirty-five. We suspected that a little haggling on our part might have brought these figures down, but we did not have the heart to be Scotch.

*A turkey feather chair purchased
for fifteen cents in the Bald Knob camp of strawberry pickers*



My companion and guide was Helen White, mid-west supervisor of migrant work for the Council of Women for Home Missions. She approached the people in a friendly way while I made some pictures.

In front of a much patched tent we found a woman cleaning one of two large fish which she had purchased from "a man going through." She spoke rather good English. She said that all six of her family slept in the tent. We did not discover what would be between them and the ground.

The mother was born in Texas. They had just come from Hammond, Louisiana, where she said that the strawberries had been "torrable bad." From Arkansas they were going to Monette, Mis-

souri, then to Kansas to top onions, and then to Michigan to pick fruit. The mother had been to school, but with such an itinerary it was obvious that her boys would have little chance for an education.

More discouraging was a seemingly larger family whose tent was made of various sorts of cloth re-enforced by a car door and with a stove pipe projecting through the roof. One of the children slept in a packing box out by a tree. Within the tent was a bed (with cans of automobile oil beneath it), a stove, wood, oil and an abundance of dirty bedclothes. The family had come from Texas for the strawberries and had no notion of where they would go next.

The mother had borne the

Preparing for Supper





Six children and three dogs to one family

baby while in Texas and had gotten up and worked the next day. The baby did not look as though it had had much acquaintance with soap and water. They had once owned a farm but had lost it. When Miss White told of the nursery which the Council of Women for Home Missions was opening during the picking season they said they would be glad to send the baby, but that the other children would be needed to help pick the berries.

These people are not immigrants from another land but free born Americans of the purest Anglo-Saxon ancestry. One must admire their zeal in seeking for work. All they ask of life is a chance—and yet circumstances

over which they have no control have made this a very meager one.

With some financial support from our Board of Home Missions, the Council of Women for Home Missions is seeking to serve these migrant workers in two ways. It is insistently directing the attention of the churches of the country as a whole and of the local communities in which they work to the needs of these people. As finances permit they maintain centers where the children are cared for and given much needed instruction in personal hygiene and an introduction to the teachings and spirit of the Christian faith while their families work in the fields.

Foreign Flashes

By Dorothy P. Cushing

IN SPIKE OF WAR

ALTHOUGH China is fighting to preserve her national existence, the General Assembly of the Church of Christ in China launched this year a Church Missionary Society. They did not use the term "home missionary" because they hoped that the society might in the future extend its activities "to the regions beyond." The Province of Kueichow was selected as their first field. The work is wholly Chinese in personnel and support but advice and constructive suggestions from missionary friends are welcomed. "We want it to be a work distinct for its high and intense spiritual qualities from the very beginning in what is perhaps the darkest hour in the life of the Chinese nation in modern times," reads one of the announcements.

THE GOSPEL OF THE DEEPER PLOW

A SIMPLE, effective and inexpensive plow has been built by Samuel B. Coles of Galangue, West Africa—a plow which can be manufactured and sold to the native farmers for around \$3.00. With the industrial school at Dondi making the woodwork and the iron work being done at Galangue, Mr. Coles figures that they could turn out 50 a month. A Portuguese company asked Mr. Coles to come to Lubango and demonstrate his plow. This he did. He was told that the government was interested in putting out these plows on a large scale for the natives. Even as he wrote a native farmer had come to buy one of his plows for \$15—which is a big sum of money in those parts.

AND AMERICA TALKS OF POVERTY

SHE was old and had had a hard life of work. But she entered the relief soup kitchen of Miss Martha Wiley in Foochow, which feeds 200 daily, with a face radiant. She had just had her application accepted to go to the *poor house*! "Thank God and thank Miss Wiley," she cried. Now she has shelter and meals. No longer need she sleep in temples and beg for her food. Around her gathered other women for a thanksgiving meeting and at this they consecrated her as a Christian light in her new home. When she left they gave her someone's old sweater, a worn garment, and 20 cents of spending money. She left happy, her cup running over.

A BAG OF STARCH

ONE of the oddest gifts received by the American Board in recent years was a fifteen pound bag of powdered arrowroot which a Christian in the Marshall Islands of the South Seas brought to Clarence F. McCall of Kusaie "for the American Board." As the giver had no idea how far it would travel before it could get into the American Board's puddings or starch their shirts, Mr. McCall used it for the larder of the American Board school. The occasion of the presentation was the Biennial Conference of the Marshall Islands attended by pastors and delegates from some 35 churches. In addition to business and inspirational sessions, there were ordination services, a wedding and several evenings of singing. Mr. McCall tried to give the pastors some sermon material and outlines. "One wonders how they can preach at all from their little knowledge and with practically no books to guide and inspire them," he wrote.

CONSECRATED CACKLES

THE dedication of "church chickens" and "Lord's Acres" are some of the means by which rural churches in Fukien Province, China, are raising funds. One parish dedicated 152 such "church chickens" last year and is looking forward to raising 200 this year. Within two years they expect to be self-supporting. At one such dedication service supreme joy radiated from the faces of the donors. One young widow who all her life had been able to contribute only 40 cents to her church, gave two fat chickens, or the equivalent of \$2.00. As her face shone with the joy of giving, she said: "Sometimes I gave them of my own food for I wanted them to be nice and fat—the best I could give to God."

MISSIONARY CONVOCATION LUNCHEONS

will be held in the key cities of the country on

Saturday, March 16

President Roosevelt will broadcast a special message from the White House.

Greetings will be sent to America's 10,000 ambassadors of peace who are at work in mission stations in 73 countries.

Watch for announcements of luncheons and radio broadcasts.



In Place of Rubbish—Beauty

A GOOD idea, plus 360 hours of volunteer labor, plus \$130 in cash, plus an astonishing number of gifts, many of them of discarded articles, created the Chapel of the Gleam in the Plymouth Church of New Haven, Connecticut.

In 1932 the director of music, Raymond L. Clarke, suggested to the pastor, Harold G. Jones, that a room on the second floor of the parish house which was used largely for storage purposes might be transformed into a small chapel. He thought that much of the material needed

could be found in the basement and that he and the young people could do the work.

The room chosen suffered from an irregular shape and from a dark and unattractive entrance. A new doorway was built which was transformed into a thing of beauty by the use of white paint, colored glass and skillfully placed lights. Panelling made the unusual dimensions of the chapel itself less noticeable.

The furnishings came from everywhere: the chairs from the basement; the pulpit from the

former building of Plymouth Church; the lamps from the church at Madison, Connecticut; an "amen" pew from the church at Plymouth, Connecticut; stained glass windows from the Trinity Methodist Church of New Haven; panelling from the St. John's Church in Middletown, Connecticut; an altar rail from the East Pearl Street Methodist Church of New Haven; an altar cloth of banana cloth from Rev. and Mrs. Walter Tong, missionaries in the Philippines; a candelabra from the Girl Scouts and a seat covering from the Primary Department. Other gifts were floor coverings, drapes for the windows, lighting fixtures, a Bible and an organ. Like a home which has been furnished over a

period of years, every object holds rich associations for some one.

The room was dedicated as "The Chapel of the Gleam" on New Year's Eve of 1932. Its use has been constant and varied. A seating capacity of 45 has made it attractive for small weddings. Various departments of the church school and the young people hold their worship services here. It is particularly adapted to the installation of officers of the young people's organization, the Easter sunrise communion service and the annual church workers' consecration service, as well as for occasional baptisms. A plaque on the side of the church invites the public to enter for rest, meditation and prayer, and quite a few do so.

The Debt of Honor Campaign Continues

NEW pledges for \$87,158 were received by the Debt of Honor Fund during 1939. On January 1, 1940, the record of the Fund was: Pledged, \$569,689; Paid, \$477,262. Obviously many of our people have hesitated to promise more than they could pay immediately.

The campaign will continue under the leadership of Dean Charles R. Brown with the regular staff of the Annuity Fund, the state superintendents and state committees doing the work of

solicitation. The former organization has been completely disbanded.

Building debts, hurricane repairs, centennial celebrations and other exigencies have led many of our stronger churches to postpone their participation. In the days ahead it is hoped that we may raise the \$180,000 which is needed to reach the goal of \$750,000, which will assure the payment in full of the annuities which our older ministers are expecting.

Understanding the Far East

ALTHOUGH the war in Europe holds the headlines, in terms of lives lost and people made homeless the war in Asia continues to be the greater catastrophe. It offers to the Christians of America both an unparalleled opportunity for plain human helpfulness and some prospect of exerting influences which may make possible a lasting peace.

Two recent publications of our fellowship are recommended for wide reading because of the insights which they offer.

Toward a Peaceful Pacific by Douglas Horton is a 40-page discussion of why Japan and China have gone to war, America and the future of Eastern Asia, and the conscience of the Chris-

tian Church in reference to these problems. It was published as the January 15 number of *Social Action* and may be secured from the Council for Social Action at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for 15 cents.

So We Have a Mission in China tells the story of what our churches are doing in that land in 60 large pages of well illustrated material by Fred Field Goodsell, Henry Pitt Van Dusen, Douglas Horton, Wynn C. Fairfield and others. Particularly appealing are the life stories of a number of Chinese Christian leaders. They may be secured from the Missions Council for 10 cents.

New Missionaries Needed in the Far East

If suitable candidates can be found and funds are available, the American Board hopes to fill the following positions during 1940:

China (1) A physician and his wife are called for in Shaowu, China. This is a city in the mountains in the western part of Fukien Province where medical and other work has been carried on since 1876. The major work of the new recruit will be surgery, but as he will be the only non-Chinese practitioner, he will there-

fore be called upon to administer the medical work and to continue the training of his staff of Chinese medical associates. The medical buildings at Shaowu are in good repair but new equipment will have to be purchased and the whole work reorganized. The candidate must be a graduate of a first-class medical school and have had in addition at least two years of rotating internship, preferably in a teaching hospital.

(2) An ordained man and his

wife are needed in Shaowu, China. This is a city in the mountains in the western part of Fukien Province. There are 15 organized churches in this area. It is predominantly a rural field with population estimated at two million. No other Protestant agency is at work in this field. It is the work of the ordained missionary to encourage and guide the small Christian community as it seeks to grow larger and stronger and to leaven the lump of its environment. The most fruitful approach has proved to be through a comprehensive, rural Christian program.

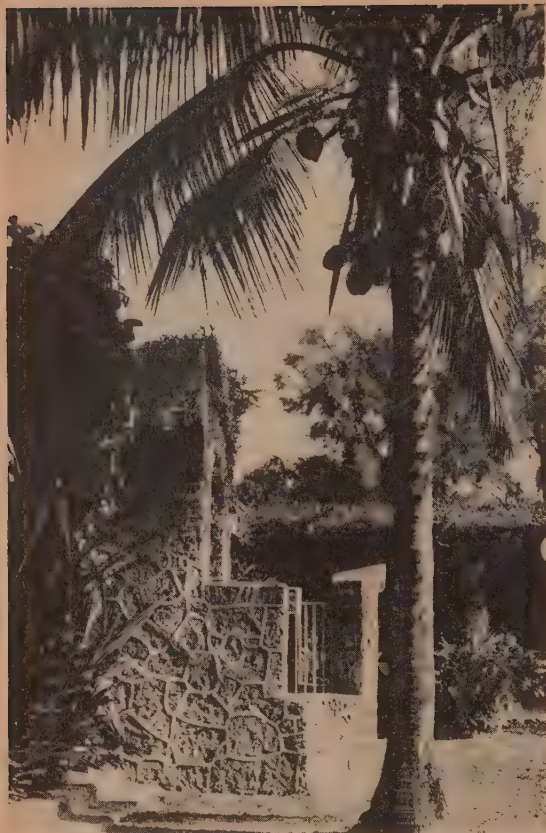
(3) The American Board has five hospitals in North China, three of which have nurses' training schools. Two additional physicians are urgently needed. An American physician going to North China must be expected to face all the medical and surgical demands that may be made in a community where he is the only practitioner. His major work will probably be surgical, but not that alone. Candidates should have had training in a first-class medical school, plus at least one year of rotating internship, preferably in a teaching hospital. Additional experience up to thirty years of age is highly desirable.

(4) An additional ordained man and his wife are needed in North China, one of the largest fields of the American Board. His work will be that of a colleague of the

Chinese pastors and other leaders and of missionaries already on the ground. The field is predominantly rural, although the centers of the work are largely urban. A comprehensive rural program such as is being followed in North China demands a variety of administrative duties as well as of training processes for new native workers. Initiative, patience, and deep Christian experience and purpose are called for.

(5) We are seeking a qualified nurse to add to our medical staff in North China. The North China Council will determine to which one of the five hospitals the new recruit will be sent. Graduate experience in institutional work is a valuable asset.

Japan (6) The Kumiai (Congregational) Churches of Japan are asking for the appointment of an additional ordained American colleague and his wife. American missionaries now at work under the direction of the Kumiai Council are engaged in education, rural reconstruction, city social work, and evangelism. A man and his wife who will enter sympathetically into the common task of strengthening the Christian community in Japan will be warmly welcomed and will undoubtedly find significant opportunities for Christian service along the line of their best talents. Preparation for this service should include if possible two or three years of practical experience in an American rural parish.



In the Land of Flowers

Ernest M. Halliday

A palm tree shades the open air pulpit of the Coconut Grove Church

FLORIDA in November! Crisp nights and mornings, sunny days. Vast stretches of level land. Lakes, lakes, lakes. Orange groves, neatly plotted, stand green and lustrous, heavy with golden fruit. Beaches, hard-packed, smooth, gleam beside the blue Atlantic and the Gulf. The Everglades, breast-high with vegeta-

tion, stretch off toward the dim horizon and cypress swamps are white with long-billed, slender-legged herons perched sedately in the gray trees.

Florida in November! Everybody waiting for the "season" to open; for tourists from the North and Middle West who come in swarms by train, by boat, by

plane, by car and by trailer. They will fill the hotels, crowd the rooming houses, change the trailer camps into congested mobile communities. Even in November the advance guard is in evidence, and from then till Easter, Florida is a playground and a workhouse—playground for the visitors, workhouse for those who serve them.

Visitors of every kind come to Florida—the pleasure-weary, seeking new excitement; the toil-worn, wanting rest; the ill who long for health; the old who would escape the rigors of the North; the mountebank and shyster; city folk and staid, economical, small-town dwellers; people intent on a few weeks' visit; others who seek permanent homes.

Florida is still convalescing from its "boom." Thousands of acres of city lots which commanded fabulous prices have gone back to pasture, their sidewalks now covered with sand. The smaller places live precariously, regretful of the past, hopeful for the future. Its more prosperous cities extend themselves into the outlying suburbs where new homes, new schools, new churches spring up as if by magic.

Mountain climbers would feel at a loss in Florida, but almost anybody else can be accommodated in the pursuit of his favorite recreation whether in the bizarre gregariousness of Miami or the solitude of some little house and

garden by a quiet lake, or the wilds of the Everglades and the northwest section of the state. Bathing, basking, boating, hunting, fishing, exploring, touring or just plain vegetating, to say nothing of the myriad indoor activities, not unique to Florida, wherein pleasure-loving man endeavors to gain satisfaction, are open to all comers.

It is evident, even upon casual study, that life in Florida is not typical of conditions in the average American community. And since the churches are inextricably concerned with life, it follows that they face a situation which calls for particular adjustment. Take, for example, the fact—common to "resort" communities North and South—that two distinct elements must be served—the "visitors," and the year-round residents who largely depend upon them for support. For the churches this means a season of hectic activity and a longer one comparatively meager; a program shaped for guests when the guests are available, and for the year-round residents when the tourists have departed and the former have time to catch their breath and come back to church. It means, too, a strain upon the integrity of pastors and churches not to succumb to the ever-present temptation to make financial hay while the sun shines.

Or consider the dearth of young and middle-aged folk among the migrant health and



The Coral Gables Church is a beautiful specimen of Spanish architecture

pleasure seekers, and how this fact conditions church activities; or that the same dearth prevails in many communities among church people who live in Florida the year 'round. Or contemplate the task of ministering to old timers who came to the state years ago and lost everything in "the big freeze" or the big boom. Or think of the special difficulties of preaching to people most of whom, in one way or another, are caught in the meshes of an inverted society, where pleasure is an end rather than an incident.

All this is not to disparage the work of the Florida churches, but simply an effort to point out the unusual difficulties which they must encounter. In our own

communion we number 31. They range in membership from under 50 to over 300. They are to be found in Jacksonville, Winter Park, Miami Beach, St. Petersburg, and in many small places. They are carrying on with faith and hope and hard work. There is no doubt that they exercise a needed spiritual influence in a strangely complex situation.

What sort of ministers do Florida churches need? Should they be young or old, "popular" or scholarly, liberal or conservative? He would be a brave man—or a rash one—who would attempt to answer such questions categorically. But one thing can be said with certainty: Florida needs ministers, whether old or



On the beach at St. Petersburg

young or in middle life, who do not come there to enjoy easy berths, and who will not find in the natural invitation to languor which the Florida climate presents, an excuse for a program thin and conventional. On the contrary, Florida's need is for men of unusual industry, enthusiasm and faith to enable them effectively to meet the problems and opportunities which confront them. Our year book roster includes eminent examples of men of this type.

Not least of our denominational causes for thanksgiving as regards our Florida work is the quality of leadership being rendered by Superintendent William T. Scott and our Extension

Worker (the title covers a multitude of responsibilities), Miss Pattie Lee Coghill. Alert to serve the needs of all the churches, particularly interested in strengthening a young people's program already well started, they have commended themselves as trustworthy friends and dependable fellow-workers throughout the state. Edwin C. Gillette, who retired from the superintendency on October 1st, left a gracious example of kindly personal influence which sets a goal for those who have taken up his duties.

When next you go to Florida remember our pastors and churches there. Make yourselves known. You will be accorded a hearty welcome.

Indian Incidents

From the Travel Diary of Douglas and Carol Horton

JANUARY 3, 1939. In Bangalore we enjoyed the hospitality of the Harrisons of the Union Theological Seminary. After a delightful day on Nandi Droogh, a mountain forty miles from Bangalore surmounted by an old fort, we returned for tea and discussion. The question how best to educate young missionaries coming to India arose. All agreed that the danger is that they are likely to be content to see India through the eyes of the mission, instead of seeing the mission and its meaning through the eyes of India.

January 4, 1939. Max H. Harrison drove us with Fred Goodsell to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Keithahn. Leaving the car at the side of the road in a village, we walked a half mile to the "ashram" among the trees at a bend in the river where the Keithahns make their headquarters. Here a group of orphan boys—Hindus, under the auspices of Hindus—have been brought together in a progressive school. The leader is a man of the finest character, a personal friend of the Dewan of the state of Mysore.

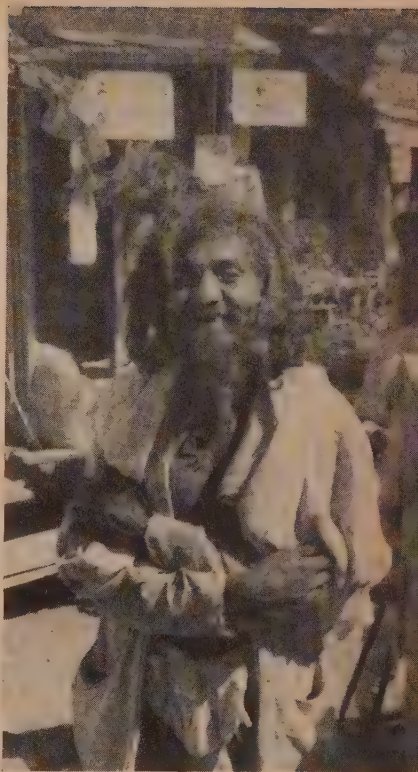
Dick Keithahn helps as he is needed, but also lends a strong hand in the social settlement work of the city of Bangalore and with student and other groups up and down the country. The Keithahns live with their two small children in an Indian home, a tiny house of only three rooms. Mrs. Keithahn does her own cooking over her charcoal fire, and as an admirer of Gandhi experiments with Indian grains and vegetables, using no sugar, no eggs, no meat—all in the hope of improving village life in India while keeping it from becoming dependent upon western civilization. Working in such intimate coöperation with Hinduism is something new for Christian missionaries, who have usually developed schools, hospitals, and neighborhood houses under Christian leadership. The Keithahns work as individuals, and the success of their work indicates that both the institutional and the individual approaches have their place in the mission work of the future.

January 6, 1939. In Sholapur we had the privilege of staying

with Mrs. Hazen, though we missed the genial presence of Mr. Hazen, who for the time was recuperating in a hospital from a recent trouble. At breakfast, or "chota," we tried soy bean coffee for the first time—for here also the missionaries are experimenting in the hope of developing better foods for the villagers which they can grow themselves.

Our first trip was with Miss Day into town, where we saw the social center, a very live place—babies being looked after, boys roller skating, games being played outside. The place could not be busier.

Toward evening we dashed off in Lillian Picken's beachwagon to the outskirts of the city where the criminal tribes are settled. For centuries these people lived by robbery. They had developed what in America we should call a racket, in some cases paying the government large sums for the privilege of preying upon their neighbors. Only a generation ago the government was persuaded, instead of attempting to bribe or punish them, to turn them over to Christian influences for education. The administration of these tribes by the missionaries was most successful but has now been taken over by the government. The church continues with a small group of workers. The building is an extremely beautiful one, stone with an open-air platform, whose rear wall forms a background for



A holy man of Pandharpur

dramatics of all kinds. The interior is unusual in its simplicity. The night had fallen so rapidly that we had to look about by the light of a lantern. Miss Day was anxious to have the workers know of the interest and sympathy of Americans since actual support has been withdrawn.

January 7, 1939. At eleven we stopped at Pandharpur, a great Hindu temple, whither people come on pilgrimages from all



The slum in Bangalore which Dick Keithahn is helping to clean up

over India. Not being of the right caste, we could not enter. Instead, we climbed to the roof and peered down through a grating upon hundreds of men packed into a narrow space waiting their turn to see the god. Walking up a narrow street lined with bazaars we looked into the temple courtyard where women sat selling lovely garlands to be given to the god by the pilgrims. While some in our party went shopping, D. H. took pictures, one of them of a wild-looking and very filthy sadhu, or itinerant holy man, who was proud of his one English expression with which he responded to all questions: "Which is the largest temple in India?" "Yes, sir." "How far is it to Wai?" "Yes, sir."

At Wai the entire Christian community was standing in a great circle about the driveway waiting to greet us with songs,

garlands, and bouquets. We responded as best we could as we stumbled out of the car, very stiff, covered with dust. We shook hands with the assembled multitude—orphans, nurses, servants, lay workers. Then came a pleasant dinner hour with "Kay and Riddles" as Miss Mix and Miss Ridley are familiarly known.

January 8, 1939. On Sunday morning we went to the Wai Hospital for the service which is held in one of the wards. A blind musician sitting on the floor played his accordion and led the singing, accompanied with cymbals and a drum or two. Every inch of floor space was filled with people—convalescents, patients, and their relatives. The sick men lay on their beds. Although too ill to sit up, the great hollow eyes of one man never left the face of the Indian

preacher who talked quite simply of the love of the one God. The service had been delayed because of an emergency operation but Dr. Beals came in presently. We can still see him standing in the doorway, his stethoscope hanging out of his pocket and a ragged little boy clinging to his hand. He closed the service with a brief talk and prayer, perfectly illustrating in his own person the healing ministry of the church.

Mrs. Beals, also an M.D., took us over the hospital and finally to the reference library upstairs where one wall is covered with a beautiful painting done by the Indian Christian artist, Mr. Thomas, in memory of their little son who died. Mr. Thomas spent three months with them, first studying the people of Wai, then living alone in the room, sleeping and praying there as the picture grew, until it was finished. The temples on the Krishna River of Wai form the background for a varied group of Indians walking toward the figure of Christ, who stands holding a child in his arms. On his right is a group of Indians who have found him. A Hindu widow kneels at his feet looking up at him. It is well done—and we found ourselves sitting quietly thinking long, long thoughts after Mrs. Beals showed us the smiling face of their little boy, painted at the feet of Jesus, reaching forward with a flower for the Hindu widow.

January 9, 1939. At Satara we drove in Lillian Picken's open car to the Friendship Center, which was built from money she raised not long ago. The charming Indian woman in charge, Manorama-bai, has been offered many positions in social work at double her salary as well as a fellowship for study in Bombay but she feels that she cannot leave village work. The babies to be bathed were very resentful as buckets of warm water were poured over their squirming little bodies held firmly on the knees of the nurses. Presiding over the sewing classes was the Brahmin woman, Radhabai, who gave the little pink silk bag containing her savings to Lillian to take to America. Upstairs was a nursery school. In the afternoon the room is used for classes for Brahmin girls; in the morning it is mainly the outcaste mothers who come. After a flying visit to a maternity and health center, we called on Bhau-rao Patil, a Jain who is conducting a unique educational experiment inspired by the Christian missionary work he has known.

Bhau-rao looks like a younger edition of Tagore, his long beard giving him the appearance of the saint that he really is. He receives outcaste boys in his home. After he has come to know them, he turns them over to an industrial and farm school he is developing outside the town. Here

are gathered boys of all castes, for Bhau-rao believes that caste is the great curse of India. He has Jain prayers with the boys every day, but encourages each to find the best in his own religion. They live with extreme simplicity, learning to grow or make everything they use from food to farm implements. His purpose is to train teachers for villages where there are no schools. He has a group of young men preparing to work on a sacrificial basis. He persuades the villages to give them board and lodging, while he himself pays them an infinitesimal stipend.

After watching a group of boys preparing their noon-day meal, we walked over to a little hut which four or five boys had built and where they lived. Bhau-rao called to him two boys who were sent him by the government as juvenile delinquents. He had shown his pedagogical wisdom by giving one of them special charge of younger boys. "He is not a bad boy," he said, with his arm around the shoulder of this homeless lad while the boy's eyes showed his adoration.

Here is another illustration of how Christian missions stimulate native leaders to devote themselves in love to their own people.

After tea at 3:30 we went in the car to Waduth, a village about six miles from Satara. Here the mission is building a maternity and child welfare center to serve the villages within a radius

of ten miles or so. A group of Wadari women—a wandering tribe of road makers—were busy breaking stone for the construction. Among them sat the wife of a sadhu who has come over recently to Christianity after years of seeking God. We met him also. He came to Lillian Picken last August saying that he could no longer beg from people in whose religion he found no peace, but only emptiness. Since he had once learned the mason's trade, he has been given work at the Center. He had turned over to Lillian and to Ruth Seabury all his sadhu treasures—an old book, his sadhu beads, and a little certificate of his membership in the association of sadhus. He is now studying the Gospel and hopes soon to be baptized as a Christian. His wife is learning to read by the Laubach charts, and, true to the idea, is teaching other women each new page as she masters it.

The group of workmen—men and women—gathered for a meeting at sunset, sitting on mats spread near the house. The Wadari women sang to us a "bhajan" or hymn, a Christmas lullaby by Tilak, the Christian poet, which the pastor's wife had taught them. We shall never forget the women huddled together in their dark, dust-stained saris, many with babies in their arms, whose hard faces, as they sang, showed a new light of Christian tenderness.



Bhau-rao Patil, a Jain who is conducting a self-help school for boys

From there we went to the church and found the congregation waiting for us with candles in hand. A group of boys burst into song as we arrived and escorted us to the church door. At intervals of ten feet or so our progress was halted by fireworks. We moved into the church in stately procession for a service of welcome. This church has

had its vicissitudes since American Board aid was withdrawn, but under pastor Rowade seems to have weathered the storm. We wish all American Congregational Christians might have been present at this and other welcoming services, for it is really they for whom these honors were intended.



One of the four new churches

Transforming Power

By Ralph Lee Woodward
Yale Divinity School

DOWN near the Gulf of Mexico in a little piney wood community of the deep South, is a hundred square mile area where for a hundred years or more ministers of various religious faiths had failed to permanently establish the work of the Christian religion. Six years ago there was not an active church there; no person of high school age had been in a Sunday School; many older men and women had never even been in a church.

Six years ago The Board of Home Missions made an initial

investment of \$300 in a man who had faith, courage, hope, and some training, and who could see the needs of these men and women. There was scarcely a home in the community that had ever seen paint. Today there are four gleaming white churches, a parsonage, a medical clinic, and a transformed community. Where people once packed knives for one another they now pray and work together.

About three years ago I made my first visit to one of these churches. I stood in a corner

near a rear window one evening wondering what I might say that would be of help. Looking out the window I saw a group of men in a circle on the ground below in what appeared to be a crap game, and without thinking I stuck my head out and said, "Hi, what are you doing there!" And then I heard one voice coming up from the group. It dawned on me that they were praying—and for me. As I remember his words it was a prayer asking God to grant that this young man who was to speak to them might say the words that would prove to be helpful in giving them life and light and revealing the will of God to them.

I had to hold on to the window—my knees were weak. I couldn't stand it and had to get

out of there. I stumbled across the room to a back door and almost fell over a group of women who were doing the same thing on the other side of the church. Finally, out in the road near the church I walked along trying to regain enough composure to preach.

Although I had been preaching for about twelve years I had never before known of an official board or group of church people to pray for me without my knowledge of it. Here was a group of people who three years before were full of hate and cruelty but who now had faith to know that God does transform life. An original investment of \$300 had helped a man of God bring faith, hope, and new vision to a whole community.

Six years ago they had never been in a Sunday School or church



Seeking God in a Garden

By Lucille Day

THE place: a Girls' High School in Ahmednagar, about 300 miles east of Bombay. A carriage drives up swathed in sheets and stops at the school gate. A slight girl of fourteen slips out and quickly enters the school building. It is Zebanissa, one of the Mohammedan pupils. There are ten Mohammedan girls in the school. Here comes a girl riding her bicycle along the road; she parks it in front of the Science building where she spends most of her time. She is Sonu, a Parsee girl, who wants to be a doctor some day. Here come a whole flock of girls wearing bright red, blue, green, purple and yellow saris, beautifully draped. A small circlet of fragrant jasmine flowers is fastened in the hair at the back of each girl's head. They are high-caste Hindu girls from the city; we have twenty-five of them. They are soon talking with their Christian classmates; there are 250 Christian pupils in the school. In class, in games, and in the clubs or school parties, all these different labels are forgotten.

School starts at eleven o'clock with prayers in the Ethel LeRoy Memorial garden. Because there are Hindu girls in the school, time must be given them to have their big meal of rice and boiled grain at home before they come. It takes so long to bathe, cook and eat that father does not go to his office, nor the children to school until eleven o'clock.

This Memorial Garden was made by the girls. Ethel LeRoy came out to teach in the school in 1931. She was the daughter of missionaries and had been born in South Africa. For six months she taught in the school. She helped the girls know God as never before. For her vacation she went to the hills; but on the way, at Benares, her bedding was accidentally soaked with a pilgrim's holy water from the Ganges. Tired, she slept in her wet bedding anyway; but caught pneumonia, and died a few days later up in the Himalayas at Darjeeling. The girls felt that one so young (she was about 30 years old) ought to have some memorial to carry on her memory

and her work, so they decided to build a Prayer Garden.

Ethel LeRoy had loved the out-of-doors, the sound of wind in the trees, the red of the sunset, the wonder of constellations at night. She had helped the girls find God while on walks, or sitting on a hillside, or while standing under the stars. So they raised money almost as we do it here in America. They gave musicals, and went without one meal a month so as to put the money for it into their fund. They made fudge and sold it to English Tommies. They even had a tag day! At last Rs. 2000, or about \$700, was raised. The Remount Depot of the Army Cantonment gave twenty cartloads of manure. An army officer contributed two dozen crotons. The English Collector gave some lotus plants. The girls brought rose plants from home. Red acacia and the scarlet flowered gulmor trees were planted in the center of the garden for shade. Sweet-flowering cork trees were put outside the garden. At the back of the quadrangle was built a pergola of bamboo, and inside a semi-circle of stone seats. Today it is covered with morning glory vines. Down the sides of the space are hedges and flowering plants and many colored crotons. In the center is a lotus pool and fountain. Gold fish swim about among the lotus flowers. Between the rock gardens is a grotto with a window at the



Lucille Day by the fountain in the garden

end in the form of a cross. The girls brought quartz to put into the ceiling and make it sparkle. They usually have flowers on the little stone table below the window.

I shall never forget the dedication service. It was evening. Indian lights were set burning on the table. A vase of flowers stood at the foot of the cross. The girls entered silently, and sat in rows on mats spread on the grass in the center of the garden. Then a line of girls dressed in white and carrying candles came singing "Follow the Gleam" and sat on either side of the grotto. Sumati, the "Girl of Good Thoughts," who had been chairman of the committee to make the garden, said, "Girls, whenever we come into this garden let



By the lotus pool in the Ethel LeRoy Memorial Garden

us always look about us and remember that flowers stand for beauty. If we truly pray, God will make our lives beautiful, and wherever we go we will make the world more beautiful. These lights stand for knowledge. Let us never be content with superstition or fear. Let us know the

truth, and it will make us free. God is truth. Here we can come to know Him better. And remember that no great man or woman ever lived who did not carry a cross. Some of us don't have much of a cross to carry. We must get one—some cause that we can dedicate our lives to."



Camera News

By Dorothy P. Cushing

STUDY JESUS' TEACHINGS

In India a Pasumalai Normal School student (extreme right), guides discussion group of younger Pasumalai School boys on character building subjects.

SMILING WHILE THEY WORK

at the job of transplanting rice at Lucy Perry Noble Institute, Madura, India. One timid smile, one solemn face, one spontaneous grin. In the background, pretending she isn't there, is Miss Gertrude E. Chandler, Principal.



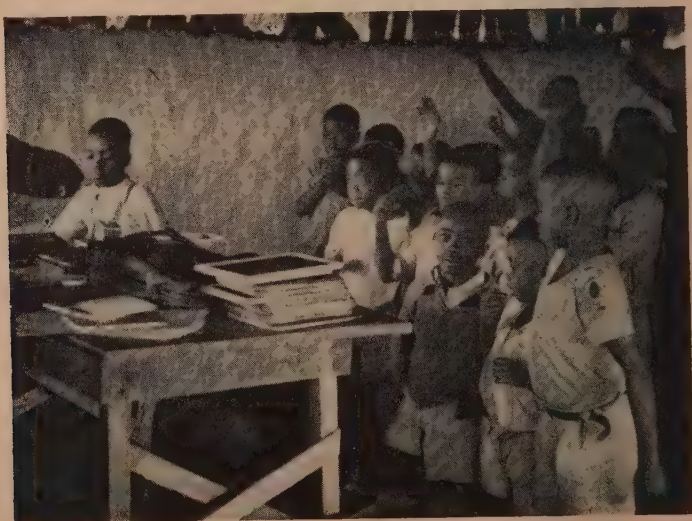


ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS!

Supervisor Arthur J. Orner, Chikore, E. Africa, camps on the job. Screen on car front to keep seeds and locusts out of radiator. Food baskets strung on wires to fool little black ants.

"I KNOW, TEACHER!"

Sample boys in the newest kraal school near Chikore. Our school is their one chance for literacy.





"Then I lifted my eyes to a hilltop lone
Where Love hung high on a tree
And lo, it was there I could best compare
My Mother's love for me!"

War refugees at our Paotingfu Mission, North China, and bowl of millet. But the mother looks first at her baby before eating.



ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

Sand box fun at Biwajima, Nagoya, Japan. Mrs. Ito, teacher (rear right). Rev. Floyd L. Roberts now has a new associate in Rev. Matsutaro Hosaka.

KAGAWA TALKS COÖPERATIVES

on his visit to India. He was at the Kengeri Rural Conference where this picture was taken.



Chronicle

Miss Dorothy Blatter, teacher under the American Board in the American Academy for Girls in Scutari, Turkey, has written and illustrated a thirty-two page book for children entitled *Uncle Ali's Secret*. It is published by Albert Whitman of Chicago.

Judge Ellis Yatman, new member of the American Board's Prudential Committee, adds some facts concerning his grandfather to those contained in our January *Missionary Herald*. In addition to the books mentioned in that biographical sketch, Rev. Thomas Laurie wrote a large volume entitled *Assyrian Echoes of the Word*. His wife, Martha Fletcher Osgood, who went with him to his field of labor, died in Mosul in 1843. After he came to America, he married in 1848 Ellen A. Ellis of Chelsea, Massachusetts. They had two children: Martha Ellen (Mrs. James O. Yatman of Providence) and Annie Laurie (Mrs. Lawton S. Brooks of Springfield, Massachusetts).

Rev. George E. Meyer, pastor of the Fallon Parish, Baker, Montana—a parish, by the way, larger than the State of Connecticut—is very proud of it. Because the folks in it want and enjoy the church, even when there is a mild blizzard they attend the Sunday service. During 1939, the first year of his pastorate, the church membership has doubled; three churches—Baker Community Church, First Church, Plevna, Milk Street Mission—of the parish have been painted and re-decorated. When Mr. Meyer spoke

at the 'Annual Conference of the German Congregational Churches of Montana that met in Plevna, the local church came in a body to the service. The ladies of the church there had put new carpets in aisle and on platform and new velvet curtains on the altar rails, the pulpit desk and communion table, and also hung new shades in the windows. The church was made into a real sanctuary and they are very proud of it. "These people love their church as no others can. It means so much to them. They sure appreciate the gifts of folks back East that help them have a church," writes Mr. Meyer. He receives one-third of his salary from the Board of Home Missions; has had pastorates in Iowa, at Williamsburg and at Sloan.

Rev. C. E. Ballesteros, new pastor of the Spanish-speaking church at Grants and San Mateo, New Mexico, is very happy over the erection of a new church building on which the people themselves did most of the work and which was built in almost five months.

Rev. Royal John Gibson of Glendive, Montana, states that his little community will dedicate a new church in the spring. "Reconstructed from an abandoned school house at the height of the drought and depression in this area, it shows the spirit of this western country. That is what makes it so enjoyable to serve these people."

Rev. Walter L. Spencer of Big Timber, Montana, took his Scouts for an overnight camp trip in the

Crazy Mountains, because the weather was unusually mild. **Rev. Elmer E. Erickson** of Newell, South Dakota, also took several high school boys to the young people's camp at Placerville to spend part of their Christmas vacation, and left them in Dr. Keck's cabin to shift for themselves for a week. "I'll bet they will appreciate mother's cooking when they get home."

Rev. A. C. Warner of Springfield, South Dakota, writes that their county has had its worst season of all these lean years. "But in the church we have found love and loyalty, and I am glad that with our Christmas offering, we have sent to Dr. Keck a larger amount for benevolence than in any of these years."

Rev. Peter Doherty, pastor of our churches at Phenix City, Alabama and Columbus, Georgia, writes that the city has started to build two hundred homes for working men earning less than \$1,000 a year. "These people would not feel at home in most of the churches round here which are strong and seem well-to-do. You can easily see the great need there would be for our missionary church within a block of two hundred homes for working people."

Stanley D. Wilson, Ph.D., now on furlough from Yenching University in Peiping, China—one of only two in all occupied China that has been able to continue, and with a thousand students, "so needed, so earnest in their work"—is studying at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Harvard, Rutgers and Chicago, being given rare opportunities to observe and confer. He is also telling audiences all over the

country about China, illustrating his talks with films.

Miss Annie Campbell, home missionary-at-large, has assisted in organizing at Mt. Carmel Church near Crawford, Alabama, a Sunday School, Young People's Society, Homemakers' Club, and Women's Missionary Society. She held classes, had business meetings and committee meetings to help them get well started, had a consecration service for the Sunday School officers and teachers, and a candle-lighting service to install the young people in office.

Rev. Herbert Rugg who retired in 1938 from the staff of the Board of Home Missions after twelve years of service—largely in the field of newspaper publicity—is now editing a monthly digest of the best which has been heard from pulpit, platform and radio. It is entitled *Sermons in Brief*, and has started with the January, 1940, number. The editorial and business office is at 156 Fifth Avenue. Dr. Fosdick, Herbert Hoover, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, Ferdinand Q. Blanchard, Rudolph Hertz, are among the contributors to this first number.

Dr. Charles Lionel Franklin, a former graduate of Straight College in New Orleans, now Dillard University, has been appointed as a Social Service Analyst in the Bureau of Old Age and Survivors Insurance of the Social Security Board. The appointment was made through regular civil service channels. He was formerly a member of the staff of the Bureau of Research and Statistics of the Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance, New York State Department of Labor.

Rev. Akira Ebisawa, leaving the position he has held as General Secretary for twelve years of the National Christian Council of Japan, took up on January 1, the work of the Executive Director of the Congregational Church of Japan.

Rev. Charles H. Harrison, D.D., formerly Superintendent of the Oregon Conference, is now living at 30 Lansdowne Street, Fredericton, N. B., a location not far from his old family homestead.

Mr. Nils T. Kjellstrom, an attorney-at-law from Massachusetts, is living in the parsonage of the Spanish-speaking church in Gallup, New Mexico, and he and his wife are giving earnest attention to the ongoing of the work in the temporary lack of an ordained pastor.

APPOINTMENT

At Evanston, Illinois, on Tuesday, January 30, **Rev. and Mrs. Robbins Strong** of 754 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut, were appointed missionaries of the American Board and designated to North China.

Mr. Strong was born in Seattle, Washington, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Strong who at present are representing the World Committee of the Y.M.C.A. in Geneva, Switzer-

land. His grandfather was Dr. Sidney Strong. He was educated at Oberlin College, Oberlin Graduate School of Theology, and Yale Divinity School. He has already seen service in China, having spent three years there in the Oberlin-Shansi Memorial School.

Mrs. Strong (nee Katherine Stiven) is a native of Oberlin, Ohio. She is a graduate of Oberlin and has pursued studies in Yale Divinity. She was for a time Business and Professional Women's Secretary of the Cleveland Y.W.C.A. Her father is Director of the School of Music at the University of Illinois.

SAILING FOR THE FIELD

Dr. Walter H. Hume sailed for India, January 20, from San Francisco on the *President Garfield*, to rejoin the Marathi Mission.

Miss Alice E. Cary of Osaka, Japan sailed February 23 from San Francisco on the *President Taft*, returning to Japan.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Miss Lyda S. Houston and **Miss Jennie Jacobs, R.N.**, arrived in Foochow, China, October 11, rejoining the Foochow Mission.

HAVE YOU A MESSAGE TO SEND A MISSIONARY?

Through the courtesy of the General Electric Company, Station KGEI, San Francisco, California, messages may be sent each Saturday morning from 5:45 to 6:15 to missionaries in the foreign field. If enough messages go out, there will be a "Missionary Mail Bag" program on the first Sunday of each month. It is hoped that this service will mean "news from home" and that messages will be meaningful and valuable rather than just greetings.

Send all messages for broadcasting to E. T. Buck Harris, Manager, Station KGEI, 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Missionaries on the field! listen in and write us, if you hear from your friends in America through this station.

Miss Mary Leitch, born in Danville, Vermont, November 25, 1851, and from 1879 to 1890 a missionary of the American Board to Ceylon, died January 2, in Claremont, California. Her sister Margaret and brother George, who had sailed with her to Ceylon, had also died in Claremont thirteen and fourteen years ago.

After their retirement the two sisters raised funds for Jaffna College, Green Memorial Hospital in Manepay, Ceylon, and the McLeod Hospital for Women and Children at Inuvil. For the latter hospital they secured many pledges in the island itself and publicized each giver. Besides these projects, they also raised funds for the famine in India in 1897, for Armenian Relief after the massacres of 1895-1896, for opium repression in Ceylon and in China, for abolition of the liquor traffic in Puerto Rico, and for various other causes they raised many thousands of dollars.

Mrs. James Demarest Eaton, who died in Los Angeles on November 9, 1939, had, with her husband, served under the American Board for thirty years in Mexico with Chihuahua City as their center. When, on the advice of physicians they left the field, and settled in Los Angeles, they became closely identified with the work for Mexico centering in Southern California. Dr. Eaton's *Life Under Two Flags* gives the story of their homes and friends and work in the two countries.

Gertrude C. Pratt was born in Meriden, Connecticut, April 28, 1853. Her early schooling was in Montclair, New Jersey; she attended Vassar College and also studied in Dresden, Germany. In 1875 she married James D. Eaton who was at that time pastor of the First Congregational Church in Portland, Oregon. She and he enlisted for the Mexican service in 1882, and opened the Chihuahua Station. Dr. Eaton died on December 9, 1928. He had come of a noted family: his father had been pastor at Lancaster, Wisconsin, for forty years; his younger

brother Edward, was president of Beloit College for thirty years.

Rev. Aharon Shirajian, pastor of the Bethel Church in Aleppo, Syria, died December 6, 1939. He was a graduate of Central Turkey College in 1886, and of the Marash Theological Seminary in 1889, and served in three pastorates continuously for fifty years. He also supervised orphanages after the 1895 massacres, twelve to thirteen thousand orphans passing through the institutions under his care; and as a last service to his people he arranged for the construction of 700 houses for refugee families, though he died without any house of his own.

Twelve times was he imprisoned, many times beaten by his jailors, and three times sent into exile—but was never once convicted of wrongdoing by any court!

The high example and the good works of this faithful, self-sacrificing servant of God remain as his memorial, and the thought of his life inspires all who knew him to new levels of devotion and of patience in well-doing.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from	
Investments from June 1,	
1939 to December 31,	
1939	\$43,626.64
Month of January, 1940 .	9,088.22
Total for 8 months ended	
January 31, 1940 . .	\$52,714.86

American Missionary Association Division

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

The General Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Moderator: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

Secretary Emeritus: Rev. C. E. Burton

Secretary and Minister: Rev. Douglas Horton

Associate Secretary: Rev. F. L. Fagley

Treasurer: Mr. A. Y. Meeker

The General Council is a voluntary organization to provide for mutual counsel and inspiration. It gives unity to national organizations in that the voting membership of the Council constitute the majority membership of the Home and Foreign Boards, making joint action possible.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Congregational House, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

President: Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Robert L. Bowen, Rev. Edward C. Boynton, Miss Elizabeth J. Hurlbut

Executive Vice-President: Rev. Fred Field Goodsell

Treasurer: Harold B. Belcher

Recording Secretary: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

The American Board maintains missions in East, West and South Africa, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, the Philippines, Micronesia, Mexico, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece and Syria.

In nearly all fields, in spite of reduced appropriations and depleted staff, the work has moved forward. In South Africa exploitation, the race issue, and the social effects of industrialization have created many problems. In the Far East the war clouds hover, and life is regimented. Christian living is difficult. Nationalism is hindering progress in some countries. The spirit of evangelism is especially strong in the Philippines and in West Africa. In India the five-year plan is producing encouraging results.

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

General Offices, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

President: Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown

Vice-Presidents: Rev. H. S. Hardcastle, Mrs. Charles E. Reidt, Rev. George C. Vincent

Executive Vice-President: Rev. William F. Frazier

Treasurer: William T. Boulton

Secretary: Rev. Ernest M. Halliday

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches has been appointed as agent by each of the Congregational Home Missionary Societies. The field work of these corporations is now administered by this one Board, but the original corporations are still in existence and hold title to their own assets. Any bequests, therefore, may properly be made directly to these corporations, or to the Board of Home Missions. The essential work of the Board of Home Missions is to preach and teach and to help others to preach and teach the Gospel of Christ.

The Council for Social Action

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

5757 University Avenue, Chicago

Chairman: Rev. John C. Schroeder

Treasurer: Elbert A. Harvey

Executive Director: Rev. Dwight J. Bradley

The Council for Social Action represents the churches in the fields of social research, education and action. It seeks to serve the churches, and to help the churches serve the nation and the world in the areas of social strain—international, industrial, racial and rural.

Missions Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

287 Fourth Ave., New York City

19 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Chairman: Rev. Vaughan Dabney

Executive Secretary: Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge

The Missions Council is constituted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Board of Directors of the Board of Home Missions under authority of the General Council to effect a unified program of missionary education and promotion. The support of our Mission Boards depends upon current gifts, legacies and the income from invested funds. Local churches may ordinarily secure information directly from their own state office. Persons not knowing to whom to write locally are invited to communicate direct with the Missions Council, for literature, educational plans, slides, speakers, and information.

Miss Ethel Lucas
1050 Spruce St.
Berkeley, Calif.

Life

THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS is concerned
with Life in America

•

Winning youth to the Christian faith

Awakening churches to their spiritual opportunities

Directing attention to areas of tension—race relations, uprooted rural families, machine-driven urban life

Strengthening the ministry through old age security

Meeting the needs of disadvantaged groups—Negroes, Indians, Southern Highlanders, Puerto Ricans

•

March and April have been assigned for the presentation of the work of Home Missions and for the solicitation of personal contributions from interested individuals. Your gifts will help to build a better America.

•

The Board of Home Missions

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

WILLIAM F. FRAZIER, Executive Vice-President

WILLIAM T. BOULT, Treasurer
